THE EXHIBITION IN HELL;

OR,

MOLOCH turn'd PAINTER.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

EXHIBITION IN HELL;

OR,

MOLOCH turn'd PAINTER.

Feign as I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my ſong.

POPE.

With a Frontiſpiece placed juſt where it ſhould be.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ORGAN, Strand, and Sold by the Bookſellers in Pater-noſter-row.

Feb. 15. 1771.

THE EXHIBITION IN HELL;

A

MOLOCH turn'd PAINTER.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, Strand, and Sold by the Bookseller of Penta-
nofter-row.

The following mental PORTRAITS

OF THE

HEROES of the C—— HOUSE JUNTO,

Are with the utmoſt Deference and Reſpect,

Humbly inſcribed,

To the High Prieſteſs of that Faction,

By her ſincere Friend,

AND

Moſt obliged humble Servant,

MOLOCH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LUCIFER, *Regal Devil.*

BEELZEBUB, *Arch Fiend.*

MOLOCH, *Infernal Painter.*

Scene The INFERNAL REGIONS.

THE

EXHIBITION IN HELL;

OR,

MOLOCH turn'd PAINTER.

LUCIFER.

WHAT noiſe is that? attendant devils tell.

BEELZEBUB.

My liege, 'tis Moloch juſt arriv'd in hell,
Whom you deputed to the Britiſh nation,
To paint thoſe villains who deſerve damnation.

LUCIFER.

Well, have you executed your commiſſion.

MOLOCH.

I've brought their portraits---here's an exhibition!☞

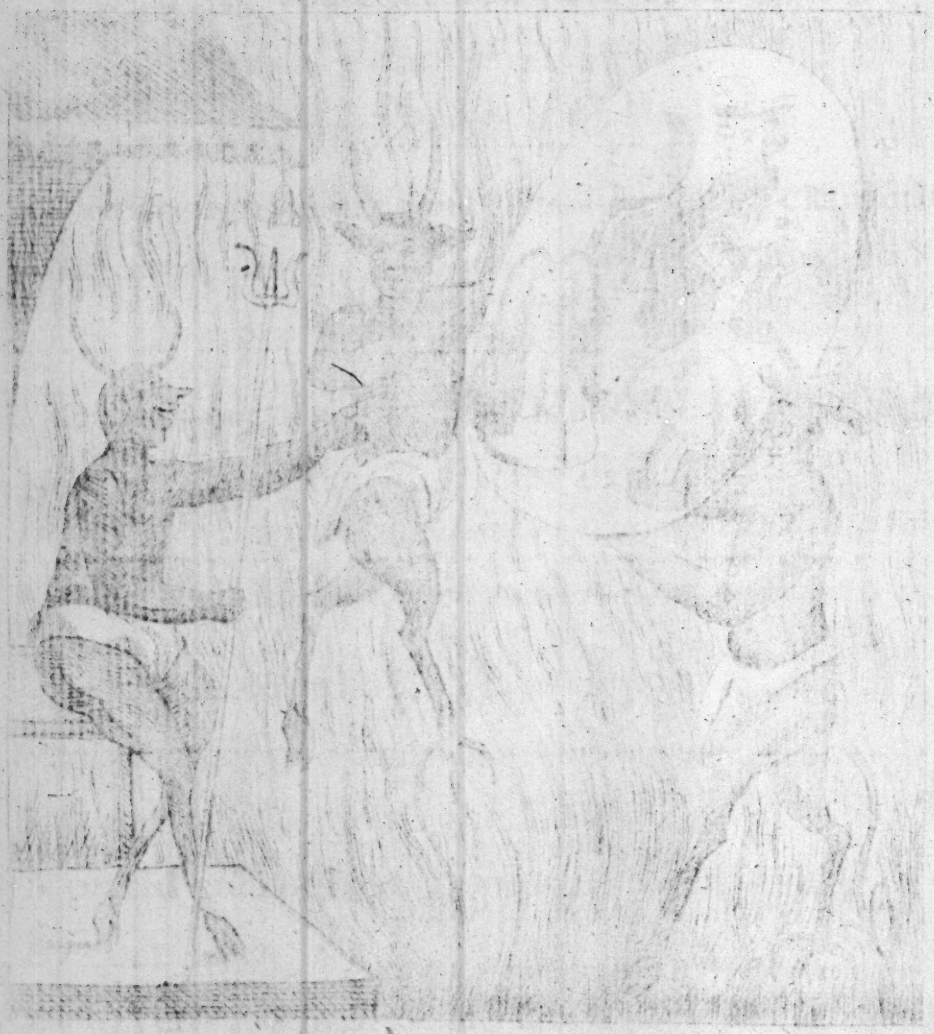
LUCIFER.

By this deep gloom they look like rogues in grain---
Now each peculiar character explain.

MOLOCH.

Firſt this inimitable *Janus* view,
He's coroneted---and cornuted too;
His compoſition joins the fool to knave,
A placid cuckold, and a venal ſlave:
By cuckoldom a waggiſh wife he loſt;
By ſlavery his debts from ſcore are croſt;
Thus, tho' unwiſe, he has a prudent wit,
And always bites another if he's bit:

For



For worldly wit, too flighty for the ſchools,
Beſtows a lucid interval on fools;
Who in one lucky moment more obtain
Than wiſdom can by twelvemonth's labour gain;
They ſay above, that ſome ſmall time ago,
It was expected he'd be here below;
Thinking that ſelf-defence would make us rout him,
He laid his ſins ſo faſt and thick about him;
And was ſo loſt to honour and to ſhame,
That he was favour'd with a rival's name,
And gave to crimes ſuch expeditious birth,
'Twas fear'd that he'd have made an hell on earth.

LUCIFER.

This ſtate phœnomina, where didſt thou meet?

MOLOCH.

I found him whining at a ſtrumpet's feet;
To kings, as ſubjects, he to whores complains;
I drew his features while he told his pains;

His

His pains which N—— did as little heed,
As haughty monarchs when their people bleed.
Shun'd by the wiſe, and hated by the brave,
His ſordid ſoul is every way a ſlave;
Slave to his maſter's paſſions and his own;
He knees a ſtrumpet, and then knees a throne.
A ſlave to courſers of Arabian breed,
Let kingdoms periſh if his horſe ſucceed;
A ſlave to every demi-rep in town,
His guineas rattle if the ladies frown;
In him a contraſt quite uncommon view,
For he's a prodigal and miſer too;
To any one who bears a villain's mind,
Profuſely tender, and immenſely kind;
But ſhow him worth or merit, tho' in tears,
And then his avaricious ſoul appears.

LUCIFER.

But now he's out of power.

MO-

MOLOCH.

No—that's a feint,
A ſubterfuge, appearances to paint;
The public hate compell'd him to retire,
But tho' no puppet—ſtill he holds the wire:
Pernicious plans afflict the people ſtill,
The haſty product of his ſlimſy ſkill.

LUCIFER.

In my infernal liſt inſert his name,
He'll make a fiend when purg'd with ſubtle flame;
At preſent he's too bad.

BEELZEBUB.

Too bad indeed,
In hell itſelf new vices he would breed.

MOLOCH.

Now *Jemmy Twitcher* view, a lad of price,
The very pink of complicated vice;
Infernal monarch, you ſhould love him well,
For he's a ſtedfaſt partizan of hell;
A common crime ſuits not his flaming mind,
For all his ſins are poliſh'd and refin'd;
Oftimes the national affairs have ſtay'd,
While Janus betted, and while Twitcher play'd.

LUCIFER.

But what's his office now?

MOLOCH.

With ſilken ſkain,
To bridle Neptune in his rough domain;
To teach the thunder, which he dreads to hear,
To fall on ſuch who may as foes appear.

All

All laugh to ſee a man devoid of thought,
Direct commanders by experience taught;
And in a mirky Bacchanalian night,
Deſign the outlines of a naval fight.
He ſwears (for lords will ſwear, the wiſe agree,
And there's few lords can ſwear ſo well as he)
That if the foe ſubmits---he'll ſoundly beat him,
But if he bluſters, he'll politely treat him.
That glories round the Britiſh flag ſhall ſhine,
Tho' he'd miſtake a tangent for a ſine.
Aſk this marine preſider to explain,
How many points the compaſs does contain?
Ten, he'll reply---Again, if he can bear
Two trivial queſtions to approach his ear,
Demand how many laws on reaſon's plan,
God gave to regulate the life of man,
He'll tell you *thirty-two*---or ſome few more,
Tho' he'd have broke them had there been ten ſcore.

LU-

LUCIFER.

In former times thoſe laws made mankind bow,
But, thank good friends, they're little minded now;
I hope they'll ſhortly obſolete be deem'd,
Nor for man's conduct as the rules eſteem'd.

MOLOCH.

Since the ſucceſs of Twitcher and his friends,
Many think ruin o'er the land impends,
For where ſuch lords and lordlings have the power,
Deſtruction threatens with a heavy ſhower.

BEELZEBUB.

Why this is news enough to make us glad,
The people paſſive, and the rulers mad.
A glaſs of liquid brimſtone I'll inhale,
And wiſh the foes of England may prevail.
May drunken peers o'er leaky ſhips preſide,
And wolf-like men the ſword of juſtice guide;

May milky officers the brave reſtrain,
And courage for commiſſions plead in vain;
May dreſſy coxcombs rule the roaſt at ſea,
And choſen tools in council diſagree.

LUCIFER.

Place *Twitcher* in the liſt as my buffoon,
To feed young devils with a flaming ſpoon;
To play his various anticks while he's broiling,
Or dance in ſulphur while the ſulphur's boiling.
But who's that large wig'd man, his features ſtrike me,
He's ſure my brother---he's ſo very like me.

MOLOCH.

My liege, he certainly muſt be your brother,
For like yourſelf and him there is no other;
But jeſt apart---this is Lord M——'s head,
And many wiſh the real in its ſtead.
Juſtice and truth both tremble when he ſpeaks,
And equity a place of refuge ſeeks;

He with ſtern looks bears arbitrary ſway,
And chaſes juries' conſciences away;
He has ſupported that ſtale maxim long,
That England's monarch never CAN DO WRONG;
Nor can his menial ſubſtitutes trangreſs,
Since they a delegated pow'r confeſs;
He ſwears the ſubject wrong, the monarch right,
In *truth*, in *reaſon*, and *religion*'s ſight;
For *truth* with him is falſehood in diſguiſe,
And *reaſon* made of fallacies and lyes;
While his *religion*, like a pious bawd,
Helps him the better to continue fraud;
Blood cries againſt him, widows weep in vain,
And orphan's mourn their faultleſs parents ſlain;
In vain the balance glitters in his ſight,
And ineffectually the ſword is bright;
He holds the ſheers which cut the thread of life,
And gives them motion with the breath of ſtrife.

LUCIFER.

Since he's ſo clever at the cruel trade,
Let him be Lord Chief TORTURE MASTER made,
He'll teach the damn'd their duty to blaſpheme,
And make young imps much worſe than now they ſeem.

MOLOCH.

Sir Bullface Doublefee the next appears,
A man who neither God nor devil fears.

BEELZEBUB.

I recollect that litigating limb,
Howe'er, our monarch is ſecure of him.

MOLOCH.

Among the features of his ſcowling face,
You all the lines of villainy may trace;

Give

Give him a blank---without a ſingle ſtain,
He'll ſwear to what you pleaſe it ſhall contain;
He'll take his oath to any thing you ſign,
Or ſign to any oath which you divine;
For intereſt he'd ſpeak in virtue's praiſe,
While his foul heart belies whate'er he ſays.

LUCIFER.

Here put him down, I like him very well,
I'll make him cryer to the court of hell.
But who's the next?---Ah, ah, a rogue indeed,
And truly born of diabolic breed;
I know his features---you have drawn him well.

MOLOCH.

Yes---here's the Fox who does in vice excel,
So much, that hell can't find his parallel.

BEL-

BEELZEBUB.

Thou mighty monarch of the curſt abodes,
Whoſe potent pitchfork every ſinner goads,
Of thee I beg a boon.

LUCIFER.

Name your requeſt.

BEELZEBUB.

You know the *Fox* is ſuch a knave confeſt,
When here he comes---full laden with diſgrace,
He'll cozen half the devils in the place.
Then, this I aſk, that he may be confin'd,
In the ſtrong dungeon where we brimſtone grind;
Beſides, he is ſo ſcandalouſly mean,
No fiend of honour wou'd with him be ſeen.

LUCIFER.

It ſhall be ſo------he ſhall be cloſe confin'd.
But who's the next your pencil hath deſign'd?

MOLOCH.

The next is *Mungo*.

LUCIFER.

Prithee ſay no more,
His intellects are ſo exceeding poor,
That a deſcription would inſipid prove,
And tire the hearer like his tales of love.
Follies ſo natural in him appear,
I'll have him for my fool when he comes here.
No more of *Mungo*---have you ſeen the Thane?

MOLOCH.

No---for he's roam'd to ſome Italian plain;
Howe'er,

Howe'er, fret not---for he's at preſent ſickly,
And Dame Diſeaſe declares ſhe'll ſend him quickly;
A myſtic advertiſement here I've got,
Judge you, if it belongs to him or not.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS---a man reſides in the kingdom of Naples, or ſome other Italian ſtate, who holds a wire in his hand, which communicates with Great-Britain ---which wire he continually electrifies with poiſon. If any perſon or perſons will deſtroy the ſaid perſon, or cut the ſaid wire, ſo that its pernicious effects may be prevented, they ſhall be bountifully rewarded for their trouble, by applying to the good Lady *Britannia*, whoſe health hath been greatly injured by the ſaid electricity.

LUCIFER.

What's that faint ſketch that ſcarce attracts the eye,
Whoſe lifeleſs tints deluded viſion fly.

MOLOCH.

He's not eſteem'd the nobleſt work of God;
He's not a feather---but he is a rod.

LUCIFER.

No more of him---Mama will elſe upbraid,
And ſhe's a friend that greatly helps our trade.
Enough this preſent time---ſo let us three
Conclude the night with diabolic glee.

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

I. An Eſſay on Chaſtity. By Lady G——.

II. A compleat Engliſh Grammar; to which will be added, A Diſſertation upon Verbal Criticiſm. By the D— of C——.

III. The Rights of Juries vindicated. By Lord M——.

IV. A Treatiſe on Humanity. By Lord B—.

V. A moral Lecture on Honeſty. By Lord H—.

VI. An Eſſay on Temperance. By Lord S——.